

"K"

By
Mary Roberts Rinehart

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"Do you have to walk as fast as this?"

"I said I was in a hurry. Once a week I get off a little early to go to the hospital. The Rosenfeld boy—"

The monstrous injustice of the thing overcame her. Palmer and she walking about, and the boy lying on his hot bed! She choked.

"Well?"

"He worries about his mother. If you could give her some money, it would help."

"Money? I paid his board for two months in the hospital."

When she did acknowledge this generosity—amounting to forty-eight dollars—his irritation grew. Her silence was an accusation. She was too calm in his presence, too cold. Where it had pleased his pride to think that he had given her up, he found that the shoe was on the other foot.

At the entrance to a side street she stopped.

"I turn off here."

"May I come and see you sometime?"

"No, please."

"That's flat, is it?"

"Yes, Palmer."

He swung around savagely and left her.

The next day he drew over a thousand dollars from the bank. A good many of his debts he wanted to pay in cash; there was no use putting checks through with humiliating inclosures. Also, he liked the idea of carrying a roll of money around. The big fellows at the clubs always had a wad and peeled off bills like skin off an onion. He took a couple of drinks to celebrate his approaching immunity from debt.

At nine o'clock that night he found Grace. She had moved to a cheap apartment which she shared with two other girls from the store. The others were out. It was his lucky day, surely.

His drunkenness was of the mild, mostly. His muscles were well controlled. The lines from his nose to the corners of his mouth were slightly accentuated, his eyes open a trifle wider than usual. That and a slight paleness of the nostrils were the only evidences of his condition. But Grace knew the signs.

"You can't come in."

"Of course I'm coming in."

She retreated before him, her eyes wide. Men in his condition were apt to be as quick with a blow as with a caress. But, having gained his point, he was amiable.

"Get your things on and come out. We can take in a roof-garden."

"I've told you I'm not doing that sort of thing."

He was less steady than he had been. The heat of the little flat brought more blood to his head. He wavered as he stood just inside the door.

"You must go back to your wife."

"She doesn't want me. She's in love with a fellow at the house."

"Palmer, hush!"

"I only want to take you out for a good time. I've got money. Look here!"

He drew out a roll of bills and showed it to her. Her eyes opened wide. She had never known him to have much money.

"Lots more where that comes from."

A new look flashed into her eyes, not cupidly, but purpose.

She was instantly cunning.

"Aren't you going to give me some of that?"

"What for?"

"I want it for Johnny Rosenfeld."

He thrust it back into his pocket, but his hand retained its grasp of it.

"That's it," he complained. "Don't let me be happy for a minute! Throw it all up to me!"

"You give me that for the Rosenfeld boy, and I'll go out with you."

"If I give you all that, I won't have any money to go out with."

But his eyes were wavering. She could see victory.

"Take off enough for the evening."

But he drew himself up.

"It's my lucky day," he said thickly. "Plenty more where this came from. Do anything for you. Give it to the little devil. I—"

His hand dropped back on his chair; he propped his sagging legs on a stool. She knew him—knew that he would sleep almost all night. She would have to make up something to tell the other girls; but no matter—she could attend to that later.

She paused, in planning on her hat, to count the bills. She had never had a thousand dollars in her hands before.

CHAPTER XXIV.

K. spent all of the evening of that day with Wilson. He was not to go for one until eleven o'clock. The injured man's vitality was standing him in good stead. He had asked for Sidney and she was at his bedside. Doctor Ed had gone.

K. found Sidney in the room, not sitting, but standing by the window. The sick man was dozing. One shaded light burned in a far corner. She turned slowly and met his eyes. It seemed to K. that she looked at him as if she had never really seen him before, and he was right. Readjustments are always difficult.

Sidney was trying to reconcile the K. who had known so well with this new K., no longer obscure, although still shabby, whose height had suddenly become prominent, whose quiet was the peace of a volcano.

"You're a different man," he said.

"I've changed a lot," K. answered.

"You've changed a lot," he said.

"I've changed a lot," K. answered.

They did not speak beyond their greeting, until he had gone over the record. Then: "We can't talk here. I want to talk to you, K."

He led the way into the corridor. It was very dim. Far away was the night nurse's desk, with its lamp, its annunciator, its pile of records. The passage floor reflected the light on glistening boards.

"I have been thinking until I am almost crazy, K. And now I know how it happened. It was Joe."

"The principal thing is, not how it happened, but that he is going to get well, Sidney."

She stood looking down, twisting her ring around her finger.

"Is Joe in any danger?"

"We are going to get him away to-night. He wants to go to Cuba. He'll get off safely, I think."

"We are going to get him away! You are, you mean. You shoulder all our troubles, K., as if they were your own."

"It's me," he said, surprised. "Oh, I see. You mean—but my part in getting Joe off is practically nothing. As a matter of fact, Schwartz has put up the money. My total capital in the world, after paying for the machine today, is seven dollars."

"You, of course," said she. "You find Max and save him—don't look like that! You did, didn't you? And you get Joe away, borrowing money to send him."

He looked uncomfortable, almost guilty.

"When I look back and remember how all these months I've been talking about service, and you said nothing at all, and all the time you were living what I preached—I'm so ashamed, K."

He would not allow that. It distressed him. She saw that, and tried to smile.

"When does Joe go?"

"Tonight. I'm to take him across the country to the railroad. I was wondering—"

"Yes?"

"I'd better explain first. Then if you are willing to send him a line, I think it would help. He saw a girl in white in the car and thought it was you, of course. Carolyn was taken ill. And Schwartz and—Wilson took her upstairs to a room."

"Do you believe that, K?"

"I do. He saw Max coming out and misunderstood. He fired at him then."

"He did it for me. I feel very guilty, K., as if it all comes back to me. I'll write to him, of course. Poor Joe."

He watched her go down the hall toward the night nurse's desk. Then he went back into the quiet room.

He stood by the bedside, looking down. Wilson was breathing quietly; his color was coming up, as he rallied from the shock. In K.'s mind now was just one thought—to bring him through for Sidney, and then to go away. He might follow Joe to Cuba. There were chances there. He could do sanitation work, or he might try the canal.

The street would go on working out its own salvation. He would have to think of something for the Rosenfelds. And he was worried about Christine. But there again, perhaps, it would be better if he went away. Christine's story would have to work itself out. His hands were tied. "I'd better get away from here," he told himself savagely.

Someone entered the room. He thought it was Sidney and turned with the light in his eyes that was only for her. It was Carolyn.

She was not in uniform. She wore a dark skirt and white waist and her high heels tapped as she crossed the room. She came directly to him.

"He is better, isn't he?"

"He is rallying. Of course it will be a day or two before we are quite sure."

She stood looking down at Wilson's quiet figure.

"I guess you know I've been crazy about him," she said quietly. "Well, that's all over. He never really cared for me. I played his game and I—lost. I've been expelled from the school."

Quite suddenly she dropped on her knees beside the bed, and put her cheek close to the sleeping man's hand. When after a moment she rose, she was controlled again, calm, very white.

She turned toward the door. But K. could not let her go like that. Her

"I'll tell you where I live, and—"

"I know where you live."

"Will you come to see me there? We may be able to talk of something."

"What is there to think of? This story will follow me wherever I go! I've tried twice for a diploma and failed. What's the use?"

But in the end he prevailed on her to promise not to leave the city until she had seen him again. It was not until she had gone, a straight figure with haunted eyes, that he reflected whimsically that once again he had defeated his own plans for flight.

Sidney brought her letter to Joe back to K. She was flushed with the effort and with a new excitement.

"The most remarkable thing has happened. What a day this has been! Somebody has sent Johnny Rosenfeld a lot of money. The ward nurse wants you to come back."

The ward had settled for the night. The well-ordered beds of the daytime were chaotic now, torn apart by tossing figures. The night was hot and an electric fan hummed in a far corner. Under its sporadic breezes, as it turned, the ward was trying to sleep.

Johnny Rosenfeld was not asleep. An incredible thing had happened to him. A fortune lay under his pillow. He was sure it was there, for ever since it came his hot hand had clutched it.

He was quite sure that somehow or other K. had had a hand in it. When he disclaimed it, the boy was bewildered.

"It'll buy the old lady what she wants for the house, anyhow," he said. "But I hope nobody's took up a collection for me. I don't want no charity."

"Maybe Mr. Howe sent it."

"You can bet your last match he didn't."

In some unknown way the news had reached the ward that Johnny's friend, Mr. Le Moyne, was a great surgeon. Johnny had rejected it scornfully.

But the story had seized on his imagination.

"Say, Mr. Le Moyne."

"Yes, Jack."

He called him "Jack." The boy liked it. It savored of man to man. After all, he was a man, or almost. Hadn't he driven a car? Didn't he have a state license?

"They say that you're a surgeon; that you operated on Doctor Wilson and saved his life. They say that you're the king pin where you came from. He eyed K. wistfully. "I know it's a lie, but if it's true—Don't you think you could do something for me, sir?"

When K. did not reply at once, he launched into an explanation.

"I've been lying here a good while. I didn't say much because I knew I'd have to take a chance. Either I'd pull through or I wouldn't, and the odds were—well, I didn't say much. The old lady's had a lot of trouble. But now, with this under my pillow for her, I've got a right to ask. I'll take a chance, if you will."

"It's only a chance, Jack."

"I know that. But lie here and watch these folks of the street. Old, a lot of them, and gettin' well to go out and starve, and—Mr. Le Moyne, they can walk, and I can't."

K. drew a long breath. He had started, and now he must go on. Faith in himself or no faith, he must go on. Life, that had loosed its hold on him for a time, had found him again.

"I'll go over you carefully tomorrow, Jack. I'll tell you your chances honestly."

"I have a thousand dollars. What ever you charge—"

"I'll take it out of my board bill in the new house."

At four o'clock that morning K. got back from seeing Joe off. The trip had been without accident.

Over Sidney's letter Joe had shed a shamefaced tear or two. And during the night ride, with K. pushing the car to the utmost, he had felt that the boy, in keeping his hand in his pocket, had kept it on the letter. When the road was smooth and stretched ahead, a gray-white line into the night, he tried to talk a little courage into the boy's sick heart.

"You'll see new people, new life," he said. "In a month from now you'll wonder why you ever hung around the Street. I have a feeling that you're going to make good down there."

And once, when the time for parting was very near—

"No matter what happens, keep on believing in yourself. I lost my faith in myself once. It was pretty close to hell."

Joe's response showed his entire self-engrossment.

"If he dies, I'm a murderer."

"He's not going to die," said K. stoutly.

At four o'clock in the morning he left the car at the garage and walked around to the little house. He had had no sleep for forty-five hours; his eyes were sunken in his head; the skin over his temples looked drawn and white. His clothes were wrinkled; the soft hat he habitually wore was white with the dust of the road.

As he opened the hall door, Christine stirred in the room beyond. She came out fully dressed.

"K., are you sick?"

"Rather tired. Why in the world aren't you in bed?"

"Palmer has just come home in a terrible rage. He says he's been robbed of a thousand dollars."

"Where?"

Christine shrugged her shoulders.

"He doesn't know, or says he doesn't. I'm glad of it. He seems thoroughly frightened. It may be a lesson."

In the dim hall light he realized that her face was strained and set. She looked on the verge of hysteria.

"Poor little woman," he said. "I'm sorry, Christine."

The tender words broke down the last barrier of her self-control.

"Oh, K.! Take me away. Take me away! I can't stand it any longer."

She held her arms out to him, and because he was very tired and lonely, and because more than anything else in the world just then he needed a woman's arms, he drew her to him and held her close, his cheek to her hair.

"Poor girl!" he said. "Poor Christine! Surely there must be some happiness for us somewhere."

But the next moment he let her go and stepped back.

"I'm sorry." Characteristically he took the blame. "I shouldn't have done that—You know how it is with me."



"Plenty More Where This Came From."

face frightened him. It was too calm, too controlled. He followed her across the room.

"What are your plans?"

"I haven't any. I'm about through with my training, but I've lost my diploma."

"I don't like to see you going away like this."

She avoided his eyes, but his kindly tone did what neither the Head nor the executive committee had done that day. It shook her control.

"What does it matter to you? You don't owe me anything."

"Perhaps not. One way and another I've known you a long time."

"You never knew anything very

"Will it always be Sidney?"

"I'm afraid it will always be Sidney."

CHAPTER XXV.

Johnny Rosenfeld was dead. All of K.'s skill had not sufficed to save him. The operation had been a marvel, but the boy's long-sapped strength failed at the last. K. set of face, stayed with him to the end. The boy did not know he was going. He roused from the coma and smiled up at Le Moyne.

"I've got a bunch that I can move my right foot," he said. "Look and see."

K. lifted the light covering.

"You're right, old man. It's moving."

"Brake foot, clutch foot," said Johnny, and closed his eyes again. K. had forbidden the white screens, that outward symbol of death. Time enough for them later. So the ward had no suspicion, nor had the boy. The ward passed in review. It was Sunday, and from the chapel far below came the

"Poor Girl!" He said. "Poor Christine!"

faint singing of a hymn. When Johnny spoke again he did not open his eyes. "You're some operator, Mr. Le Moyne. I'll put in a word for you whenever I get a chance."

"Yes, put in a word for me," said K. huskily.

He felt that Johnny would be a good mediator—that whatever he, K., had done of omission or commission, Johnny's voice before the Tribunal would count.

Johnny was close on the edge of his long sleep by that time, and very comfortable. It was K. who, seeing he would no longer notice, ordered the screens to be set around the bed. K. who drew the coverings smooth and folded the boy's hands over his breast. The nurse stood by uncertainly.

"How very young he is! Was it an accident?"

"It was the result of a man's damnable folly," said K. grimly. "Somebody always pays."

And so Johnny Rosenfeld paid.

The immediate result of his death was that K., who had gained some of his faith in himself on seeing Wilson on the way to recovery, was beset by his old doubts. And now came a question that demanded immediate answer. Wilson would be out of commission for several months, probably. He was gaining, but slowly. And he wanted K. to take over his work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOST POTENT OF WEAPONS

Nothing Devised by Humanity is Able to Stand Against the Assault of Laughter.

In "The Mysterious Stranger"—the just-published posthumous book by Mark Twain—that authority on humor declared that most men possess only "a mongrel perception of humor."

He elaborates his idea by saying: "The multitude see the comic side of a thousand low-grade and trivial things—broad incongruities mainly; grotesqueries, absurdities, evokers of the horse laugh. The 10,000 high-grade comicities which exist in the world are sealed from their full vision."

"Will a day come when the race will defeat the funniness of these juvenilities and laugh at them—and by laughing at them destroy them? For your race, in its poverty, has unquestionably one really effective weapon—laughter."

"Power, money, persuasion, supplication, persecution—these can lift at a colossal humbug—push it a little—weakens it a little, century by century; but only laughter can blow it to rags and atoms at a blast. Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand."

Peculiar Disease of the Teeth.

The Colorado Dental society has two of its members engaged in the investigation of a mysterious malady of the teeth known, for the want of a better name, as "mottled teeth," which occurs in this country in a number of districts, principally in the southwestern portion of the United States. It has been noted in a somewhat more violent form in Italy, 15 years ago. It manifests itself in children and persists through life, and is often so disfiguring that the victims resort to artificial crowning. It is a defect of the enamel-forming substance, and it is suspected that the cause is due to some element in the drinking water, which it has been impossible to definitely determine.

No Wonder.

"I'll say one thing for the apartment house we live in. No one ever has any reason to complain about lack of heat."

"You must have a very unusual sort of landlord."

"Oh, it isn't the landlord's fault. The janitor has a brother in the coal business."

In Cuba tobacco is planted, grown and harvested in 90 days.

HASHIMURA TOGO

DOMESTIC SCIENTIST

BY WALLACE IRWIN

TOGO AND THE "WEAK-ENDERS"

Dear Mr.: There are a vacant place to be obtained for bright Japanese Gen. Houseworker at home of Mrs. & Mr. Jeremia Spiggott, Flag Wave, Pa. That vacancy are where I am not now working. It surprise me. This are how it happen.

During breakfast-table last Fryday Hon. Mr. Spiggott look uply from Pittsburg news-reading and say with voice, "Mrs. and Mr. Wm. H. Axweiler shall be here tomorrow p. m. for slight weak-end visitation."

"They are both entirely unwelcome, I am sure," she snob.

"If we merely asked people we liked there would be no hospitality," he rake off. "We must enjoy Hon. Axweiler's company because of his great wealth. If we are sufficiently delightful to him maybe he will permit me to cheat him in business. You will love his conversational talk. For so dull a man he have a most penetrating mind."

"He must have to bore me so deep," she snigger. "I like his wife less than usually."

"Togo," she say it, "at toot of 2.22 train Mrs. & Mr. Axweiler will arrive in custody of Hon. Husband. Kindly to hitch down Sarah, the horse, to fashionable bug-wagon and elope to depot with coachman expression."

So next day I go forthly to horse-garage where Hon. Sarah stood eating his oat. So I hitched it and made immediate race-course to depot where I stood proudly clutching harness with grand thumbs resembling Newport.

Toot-toot of 2.22! Three human personalities eloped forthly from Pullmanly train. One were Hon. Spiggott appearing full of courteous peev. Another was one enlured gentleman of politically expression. Another were a very stretched lady whose nose contained great snobbery amidst eye-glasses.

At hallway of home Hon. Mrs. Spiggott were enwailing with face containing smiles. By the cordial of her behavior you would think she was glad. "I am so hilarious to see you including your delicious husband!" she holla with soprano. Kissing enjoyed.

"This evening," Mrs. Spiggott explain to Mrs. Axweiler, "we are determined to give you dinner-party to include Mrs. & Mr. Washington Whack, very charmed people next door."

"Are they related to the Whacks of Tuxedo?" Mrs. Ax cut up.

"I are not acquainted with their geography," glub Mrs. Boss.

"Would you not enjoy slight driveway around neighborhood for observe country and fresh air?" she require at lastly, as soon as her voice ceased freezing.

"I am always fascinated to see how the other 1/2 lives," Mrs. Axweiler shoot up.

At lastly we arrive up to Cemetery View. Country Club for slight tea-drunk. I await outside nursing Sarah, the horse, for considerable hour. At lastly both Mrs. Ladies approach outward with accompaniment of their husbands who smell quite highball. Both feminines look quite iced as we go homeward.

At lastly was dinner-time. I ceased off being coachman and became waitress, as usual.

"We only attempt small, cozy dinner in our excluded set," explain Hon. Mrs. while 6 persons took set-down to dinner.

"My dining-room contains 80 people, mostly nobility," report Mrs. Axweiler while eating soup.

When all foods was finished all retreat to parlor room where bridge-gamble was enjoyed till late night. At 1.52 o'clock Mrs. Axweiler call Mrs.



At lastly was dinner time. I ceased off being coachman and became waitress as usual.

Whack an Ace & Mrs. Whack reply peevily, "Renig!" full of scorn. All make go-home agreeing how enjoyment that evening was.

At 2.11 clocktime, while those Axweilders was glad to go to bed, Mr. & Mrs. Spiggott set alone in parlor room where I could hear.

"Why do you bring those buffalo kittens to rage around this neighborhood?" she ask it. "One day more and I shall poison their foods."

"They must get their fresh air somewhere," he relieve.

"Why should they spoil ours?" she snigger.

Next morning were churchtime.

"We have engaged orchestra seats for you at church," repose Mrs. Madam. "It will be great treat."

"What denomino church is it?" inquire Hon. Axweiler.

"Methodist," say her.

"We never go Methodist," say him. "We are Osteopaths."

"Then you will be pleased to excuse us," back-fire Hon. Mrs. with smiling glum. "We dare not neglect religion for those we love."

So Hon. Spiggotts depart for church, walking together like chorus girls. Hon. Axweilders remain in parlor room reading pictures in comical supplement.

"Why you brought me to this disgustly place?" require she from him.

"I agree," he snatch back. "We should have more fun going to hospital."

When I hear this repartee I step forthly into room with helpmeet expression.

"Sweethearted Weak-Enders," I say so, "obtain your hats and baggage with immediate quickness and I will smuggle you away from here before they can catch you."

"What you mean by what you say?" they require.

"I observe how you suffer. Therefore I help escape." This I say.

"I should muchly admire to go," he croach, "yet cannot because Hon. Spiggotts would feel sad to lose us."

"Your sudden depart off would grieve them even less," I tell. "Last night they included you among buffaloes and mentioned poison while speaking of you."

"Oh!" Both stand up on their stamping feet. They rosh upstairs for bag. They rosh downstairs with it. I go to animal garage for hitch down Sarah.

Pretty noonly church-bell chime forth while Mrs. & Mr. Spiggott return backwarks from there. They observe their weak-end guests on porch.

"What—must you carry yourselves away before Monday?" require Mrs. Spiggott for sorrow voice.

"Your poor but neat home is no place for zoological buffaloes!" stroggle Hon. Mr. Ax.

"And poisonous food might be expensive from high price for economical persons," grumble Hon. Mrs. Ax.

"Who told you this & that?" narrate those Spiggotts shockly.

"Togo did!" say others.

"So thanks!" she say so for sweetness resembling flirtatious snakes.

"Please continue your usefulness, Togo, by removing my happy company in time to catch the time-table."

Soonly I arrive up to porch-step accompanied by Sarah, the horse. When those Weak-Enders and other baggage were loaded in, Hon. Mrs. Spiggott spoke furthermore.

"Togo," she pronounce, "when 1.11 train arrives up, hitch Sarah to the depot and continue traveling by rail with my dearie friends who can doubtlessly afford to hire you among their expensive servants."

So I spanked up Sarah with expression of one seeking employment where he is not needed.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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HOWELL'S BOYHOOD HOME.

In W. D. Howell's volume, "In the Days of My Youth," he tells that his home was a log cabin. In time the labors of different members of the family resulted in a better home. Of this new home he has this pretty picture: "Its possession had been the poetry of my mother's hard-working, loving life, and no doubt she had watched with hope and fear the maturing of each of the boys for it." Mr. Howell said. "Years later, when I came back from a long sojourn abroad, my mother and father were growing sweetly old in the keeping of the place. Not only the dooryard trees which we boys had brought from the woods had each its colony of birds, but in the eaves a family of flying squirrels had nested. I do not know whether I end upstart the sense of peace and security which seemed to have spread from the gentle household to them, but I am sure that my mother could not have realized a fonder vision of the home she had longed for through so many years."

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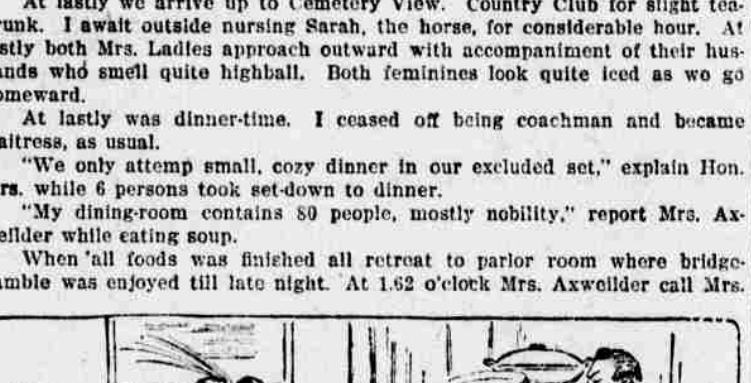
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"I agree," he snatch back. "We should have more fun going to hospital."

When I hear this repartee I step forthly into room with helpmeet expression.

"Sweethearted Weak-Enders," I say so, "obtain your hats and baggage with immediate quickness and I will smuggle you away from here before they can catch you."

"What you mean by what you say?" they require.

"I observe how you suffer. Therefore I help escape." This I say.

"I should muchly admire to go," he croach, "yet cannot because Hon. Spiggotts would feel sad to lose us."

"Your sudden depart off would grieve them even less," I tell. "Last night they included you among buffaloes and mentioned poison while speaking of you."

"Oh!" Both stand up on their stamping feet. They rosh upstairs for bag. They rosh downstairs with it. I go to animal garage for hitch down Sarah.

Pretty noonly church-bell chime forth while Mrs. & Mr. Spiggott return backwarks from there. They observe their weak-end guests on porch.

"What—must you carry yourselves away before Monday?" require Mrs. Spiggott for sorrow voice.

"Your poor but neat home is no place for zoological buffaloes!" stroggle Hon. Mr. Ax.

"And poisonous food might be expensive from high price for economical persons," grumble Hon. Mrs. Ax.

"Who told you this & that?" narrate those Spiggotts shockly.

"Togo did!" say others.

"So thanks!" she say so for sweetness resembling flirtatious snakes.

"Please continue your usefulness, Togo, by removing my happy company in time to catch the time-table."

Soonly I arrive up to porch-step accompanied by Sarah, the horse. When those Weak-Enders and other baggage were loaded in, Hon. Mrs. Spiggott spoke furthermore.

"Togo," she pronounce, "when 1.11 train arrives up, hitch Sarah to the depot and continue traveling by rail with my dearie friends who can doubtlessly afford to hire you among their expensive servants."

So I spanked up Sarah with expression of one seeking employment where he is not needed.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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HOWELL'S BOYHOOD HOME.

In W. D. Howell's volume, "In the Days of My Youth," he tells that his home was a log cabin. In time the labors of different members of the family resulted in a better home. Of this new home he has this pretty picture: "Its possession had been the poetry of my mother's hard-working, loving life, and no doubt she had watched with hope and fear the maturing of each of the boys for it." Mr. Howell said. "Years later, when I came back from a long sojourn abroad, my mother and father were growing sweetly old in the keeping of the place. Not only the dooryard trees which we boys had brought from the woods had each its colony of birds, but in the eaves a family of flying squirrels had nested. I do not know whether I end upstart the sense of peace and security which seemed to have spread from the gentle household to them, but I am sure that my mother could not have realized a fonder vision of the home she had longed for through so many years."

RED FACES AND RED HANDS

Soothed and Healed by Cuticura—Sample Each Free by Mail.

Treatment for the face: On rising and retiring smear affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For the hands: Soak them in a hot lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and rub in Cuticura Ointment.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

No Doubt About That.

"What! Paid fifty dollars for a hat. Woman, are you mad?"

"No, but it's plain to be seen that you are."

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE

and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price, \$1.00—Adv.

The supports for a recently constructed New Zealand wharf include 29-ton concrete piles 100 feet long.

A man's idea of a good resolution is one that will stretch.

There are now 17 national parks.

LITTLE LILLIAN

ROMAINE FISHER

CAN TALK AGAIN



This attractive little lady is the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Fisher, 238 North St., Harrisburg, Pa. Last winter she had an attack of measles, together with a very severe cold. Just at that time Dr. J. J. Wilhelm presented Mr. Fisher with a jar of the Southern "outside" treatment—Vick's VapoRub Salve, which was just then being introduced in Harrisburg, and requested that he give this preparation a thorough trial. Mr. Fisher writes—

"I must say that our baby had such a cold on her chest and in her throat that she could hardly talk, and we could not get her to take anything internally. After we used Vick's VapoRub Salve on her breast and throat at night before going to bed she was entirely relieved."

No family should be without this preparation. It is externally applied, and so can be used freely—it is absorbed through and penetrates the skin, and, in addition, is inhaled as a vapor. It has a hundred uses for the many minor ailments for which every mother is the doctor. Three sizes, 25c, 50c or \$1.00.

Going Too Far.

Ed had looked a room at a cheap boarding house near one of the railroad stations.

"He was about to sign the register, when he dung down the pen in disgust and turned away."

"What's the matter?" asked the proprietor.

"Matter? Well, I've stayed in these rat-holes looking houses before and I've had some rotten, sleepless nights. But this is the limit. Look at that little beggar crawling across the page of the register! I've put up with 'em in the bedrooms, but when they crawl across the book to see what room you're sleeping in—well, that's a bit too thick!"

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Tuberculosis Publication.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis announces that it will presently begin publication of a monthly magazine devoted exclusively to the subject of tuberculosis. It will be printed in New York and will be called The American Review of Tuberculosis.

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